



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

# THE TRANSFORMATION OF PARIS.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

---

No city of the Old World has undergone changes so enormous within the last hundred years as the city of Paris. To contrast its condition down to the year 1789 with its condition to-day is to measure the civilization of old Europe by the civilization of the Europe we see. Paris in 1789 was a perfect type of the feudal, monarchic, obsolete system of privilege; the Paris of 1889 is the most republican, the most modern, the most symmetrical and complete of the cities of Europe. The hundred years have witnessed there a reorganization of social life more rapid and profound than any other which Europe has known.

If the millions who throng the boulevards, and the *Places*, the *Champ de Mars*, and the *Esplanade* of the *Invalides* could but roll back the mighty veil of time, could see that city as it stood in the closing years of the eighteenth century, they would behold a city which in all essential things was a fortress of the Middle Ages, adorned with some vast palaces and churches of the *Grand Monarque*—a city, in the main, such as Rome was until the Italian kingdom had entered and transformed it. They would see the life of the seventeenth century, in most material points, unaltered—nay, traces of the life of the sixteenth, the fifteenth, and even of the fourteenth century.

The vast, gloomy, and decayed walls of the old city still cumbered the lines of so many gay and open boulevards. Where there are now some twenty bridges across the Seine, there were then but six or seven; and on some of these could still be seen the houses and buildings which made the bridges of old Europe crowded alleys. There were few open spaces at all except in front of the *Hôtel de Ville* and at the end of the garden of the *Tuileries*. The old city of Richelieu and Mazarin—the city (to speak roughly) that lay between the *Panthéon* and the gate of *St. Denis*, and between the *Tuileries* and the *Bastille*—existed still,

and much in the condition in which Richelieu and Mazarin had known it,—crowded with narrow, crooked, picturesque streets, unpaved, uncleaned, ill-lighted, with Gothic portals and towers here and there; crowded round with houses, halls, and mansions. The island, or old *Cité*, in particular, was a dense tangle of streets, churches, and religious edifices. From north to south there ran several ancient and a few recent thoroughfares; but from east to west he who wished to pass from the *Bastille* to the *Louvre* would make his way through a net-work of tortuous lanes, where the direct route was continually interrupted by huge palaces, mediæval fortresses, or conventual enclosures.

Four great castles of feudal times still frowned over the city and bore the banner of the Old Monarchy—the *Châtelet*, the *Bastille*, the *Temple*, and the *Conciergerie*. Of these not a vestige remains except the restored simulacrum of the last. In the midst of this jumble of close and mediæval streets there were scattered many sumptuous Palladian palaces of royal, princely, or ducal founders, with fore-courts, colonnades, terraces, and enclosed gardens, stretching over acres, and dominating entire quarters in defiant, lavish, insolent pride. Here and there still towered above the modern streets a huge remnant of some castle of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, such as we may see to this day in Florence, Verona, or Rome.

And, besides these castles and palaces, the closely-packed streets were even more thickly strewn with churches, convents, and abbeys. *Notre-Dame*, *St. Eustache*, *St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, the *Hôtel de Ville*, the *Louvre*, the *Palais Royal*, and the *Palais de Justice* were hemmed in with a labyrinth of old and entangled streets. Buildings, alleys, and even churches separated the *Louvre* from the *Tuileries*, *Notre-Dame* from the *Palais de Justice*, cut off *Notre-Dame* and the *Hôtel de Ville* from the river, stood between *Palais Royal* and *Louvre*, and between the *Panthéon* and the garden of the *Luxembourg*. Where the graceful fountain of Victory now brightens one of the gayest spots in Paris, the *Place du Châtelet*, bordered with two immense theatres, colonnades, gardens, and trees, there were then the decayed remnant of the great royal fortress and a net-work of crooked and unsightly lanes.

Besides the churches, chapels, hospitals, palaces, and castles, there also stood within the circuit of the city more than two

hundred religious houses for both sexes ; abbeys, convents, nunneries and fraternities; peopled with thousands of men and women, leading separate lives, under different vows, owning obedience to far-distant superiors, and possessing various immunities. The vast areas occupied by the abbeys of *St. Germain*, of *St. Martin*, of *St. Victor*, by the houses of the *Bernardins*, and the *Célestins*, and the *Quinze - Vingt*s, were a sensible portion of the whole area within the walls. From the then new *Place Louis XV.* to the *Bastille*, from the *Luxembourg* garden to the *Porte St. Denis*, Paris was a great fortified city of the Middle Ages, crammed with thousands of sacred buildings, Catholic and feudal institutions, and thickly studded with Italian palaces, colleges, hospitals, and offices in the proud and lavish style of Louis the Fourteenth. Poverty, squalor, uncleanness, and vice jostled the magnificence of Princes and the mouldering creations of the ages of Faith.

The difference between the Paris of 1789 and the Paris of 1889 is enormous; but it is very far from true that the whole difference is gain. Much has been gained in convenience, health, brilliance : much has been lost in beauty, variety, and historical tradition. To the uncultured votary of amusement the whole of the change represents progress : to the artist, the antiquarian, and the sentimentalist it represents havoc, waste, and bad taste. It would be well if the tens of thousands who delight in the boulevards, gardens, and sunny bridges of to-day would now and then cast a thought upon the priceless works of art, the historical remains, and the picturesque charm which the new Paris has swept away. Churches and towers, encrusted sculptures of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, rare, inimitable, irrecoverable wonders of skill and feeling, have been swallowed up wholesale in the modern "improvements." Sixteen churches have disappeared from the *Cité* alone : four of them and ten streets have been carted away to make the site of a single hospital. Where is the abbey of *St. Victor*, of *St. Germain*, of *Ste. Geneviève*, and the *Cour des Comptes*, and the churches of *St. André*, *St. Jacques de la Boucherie*, *Saints Innocents*, *St. Jean*, and *St. Paul* ? Where are the turrets of Saint Louis, and Etienne Marcel, and Philip the Fair ? Where are the quaint passages and fantastic gables preserved for us only by Meryon, Gavarni, and Gustave Doré ?

It would be idle to regret the inevitable—more especially

when the inevitable means the rebuilding and laying-out of the most brilliant, most spacious, most symmetrical of modern cities. For us it is enough that, down to the Revolution of 1789, Paris was an intensely old-world city; and that to-day it is the type of the modern city. In the eighteenth century London had lost every trace of the fortress, of the feudal city, of subservience to king, aristocracy, or church. It had neither ramparts, nor traces of rampart, nor convents, nor proud palaces, nor royal castles in its midst. The Reformation had swept away the monasteries, the aristocracy were more than half *bourgeois* (at least whilst they lived in London), and the King was a popular country squire, who, in things essential, was governed by a liberal Parliament. The Tower was a popular show; the Mayor and Corporation were a powerful, free, and public-spirited body; the capital was being extended and beautified in the interest of those who lived in it; and, in all its main lines, the city of London was much what it is to-day. It was about one-third more populous than Paris, better paved, better lit, with a better supply of water and means of communication, and with a far superior system of administration. It was practically a modern city, even then: it was the current type of the modern city, and was regarded by all as a far more agreeable, more civilized, more splendid city than Paris. It was natural enough that, when the liberal nobles and wits of France began to visit England (as in the eighteenth century they universally did), an Anglo-mania resulted—which was one of the main causes of the Revolution.

Some of the great ornaments of Paris existed complete in 1789, but they were encumbered with narrow streets and cut off from each other. The *Louvre*, the *Tuileries*, the *Palais Royal* existed much as we have seen them, but they were all divided from each other by blocks of buildings and intricate lanes. The *Palais de Justice*, the remains of the palace of St. Louis, and *Notre-Dame* were there, but were blocked up by modern buildings. Portions of the *Luxembourg* and of the *Hôtel de Ville* were standing. The *Invalides*, the *École Militaire*, stood as we know them; the *Place de la Concorde* (then *Place de Louis XV.*) was already laid out, and the two great offices flanking the *Rue Royale* were already built.

On the other hand, the bridge now called *de la Concorde* was not open, nor was it bounded by the Hall of the *Corps Législatif*:

there was no *Arc de l'Étoile*, no *Madeleine*, no Column of *Vendôme*, no *Place de l'Opéra*, du *Châtelet*, or *de la Bastille*. The *Place du Carrousel* was blocked by buildings, and the *Rue de Rivoli*, the *Rue de la Paix*, did not exist. The *Panthéon* was not quite finished; the *Louvre* was not continued on the northern side; the site of the *Halles* was a net-work of streets; cemeteries and charnel-houses existed within the city; the quays were irregular and rude structures; the bridges were picturesque edifices of four or five different centuries, and only one-third of their present number; there were no pavements for foot-passengers, no cleansing of the streets, whilst open sewers met one at every turn. Paris in 1789 was much what Rome was in 1860—a huge, ancient, fortified city, filled with dense, squalid, populous districts, interspersed with vast open tracts in the hands of powerful nobles or great monasteries, and the whole perpetually dominated by a bigoted, selfish, and indifferent absolutism.

The population of Paris in 1789, according to the latest and best authorities, was about 640,000 : in 1889 it is 2,240,000. It has thus increased exactly three and one-half times. There is nothing abnormal in this. London in the same time has doubled quite four times, and a similar rate of increase has been seen in Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Lyons, Marseilles, and Rouen. The increase of many English centres of industry, and of nearly all the American, has been vastly greater and more rapid. Still, the increase of Paris, within a hundred years, of three or four times in population and five or six times in area, is a sufficiently striking fact. In 1789 there were about one thousand streets : there are now about four thousand. There were fifteen boulevards : there are now more than one hundred. The *Invalides*, the *Luxembourg*, the *Bastille*, the line of the inner boulevards, and the *Place Vendôme* then marked the utmost limits of regular habitations; and thence the open country began. There were within the barriers immense spaces, gardens, and parks; but they were closed to the public. Paris, which is now covered with gardens, parks, plantations, and open spaces, was in 1789 singularly bare of any. The *Jardin des Plantes*, the *Jardin des Tuileries*, were royal possessions; the *Champs Elysées* and the *Palais Royal* were favorite walks. But these were almost the only accessible promenades. Of some forty places of importance which Paris now possesses, few existed in 1789, except the *Place de la Concorde*, the *Esplanade* of the In-

*valides*, the *Champ de Mars*, the *Place Vendôme*, and the *Place Royale* (now *des Vosges*). Within the circuit of the older city there was hardly a clear space, a plantation, a parterre, or a free walk, except in the *Parvis de Notre-Dame*, the *Marché des Innocents*, and the *Place de la Grève*. From the *Louvre* to the *Hôtel de Ville* there lay a labyrinth of dark and tortuous lanes, such as we may still see in the *Ghetto* of Rome or round about the Canongate at Edinburgh.

The change that has taken place is that of a dream, or a transformation in a theatre. The Revolution came, the Convention, the first Empire, the Orleans monarchy, and the third Empire—and all is new. Streets only too symmetrical, straight, and long; open spaces at the junction of all the principal streets, boulevards, avenues, gardens, fountains, have sprung by magic into the places so lately covered with labyrinthine alleys. As we stand to-day in the *Place du Carrousel*, in the *Place de l'Opéra*, *du Théâtre Français*, *du Châtelet*, *de la Bastille*, *des Innocents*, *St. Michel*, *St. Germain*, *Notre-Dame*, or *de l'Hôtel de Ville*, each radiant with imposing buildings, stately avenues, monuments, fountains, columns, and colonnades, with everything that modern architecture can devise of spacious, airy, and gay, it is hard indeed to understand how in so few years (and much of it within the memory of men still living) all this has been created over the ruins of the dense, dark, intricate streets of the last century, where lanes still followed the ramparts of Louis the Fat and Philip Augustus, where the remnants existed of *châteaux* built by mediæval seigneurs, or during the civil wars of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

The clearance has been most cruel of all in the old *Cité*, the original Paris of the earliest ages. Down to the Revolution it had a population of about 20,000, which has now almost wholly disappeared, along with the sixteen churches and the scores of streets. The ancient island—*Lutetia*—is now occupied almost solely by six enormous public buildings; and the spot, which for eighteen centuries has been busy with the hum of a city life of intense activity and movement, is now covered only by a lonely but glorious cathedral, an enormous hospital, a huge barrack, courts, offices, and official buildings. The oldest bit of Paris, the oldest bit of city in all northern Europe, now looks for the most part like a new quarter laid out on some vacant space. *Notre-Dame*, the *Sainte Chapelle*, the *Conciergerie*, have been restored and fur-

bished up till they almost might pass for modern buildings. The barrack, the hospital, the geometric streets, the open square, might do credit to Chicago. It is all very fine, imposing, spacious, and new. But a groan may be forgiven to those who can remember the mystic portals of *Notre-Dame* with the gallery of the kings, surrounded with houses which seemed to lean upon the mother-church for comfort and support, before the restorer had worked his will upon the crumbling, dark, pathetic fragments of carving, whilst the noblest façade ever raised by northern Gothic builders still looked like a great mediæval church, and not like an *objet d'art* to be gazed at in a museum.

This transformation, the most astounding that Europe can show, fills us ever anew with a profound sense of the power which for a century has animated the municipal government at Paris ; of the energy, wealth, industrial skill, artistic imagination, and scientific accomplishments which have gone to the making of it. To plough miles and miles of broad new boulevards through the most crowded lines of an ancient, populous, and busy city ; to transform a net-work of *Ghettos* into a splendid series of avenues, squares, and gardens ; to eviscerate the heart of a great capital, and to create symmetry, sunniness, convenience, gayety, and variety out of inveterate confusion, gloom, discomfort, and squalor—this impresses the mind with the visible signs of imperial might in the ruler, and inexhaustible versatility and adaptability in the governed.

It is a different thing when a Frederick plans a new city in Berlin, or when a Republic creates itself a capital in Washington. But in Paris the capital existed ; with eighteen centuries of history, with monarchic, feudal, ecclesiastical, municipal institutions by the thousand, rooted for ages in the soil, and buttressed by long epochs of prescription, privilege, law, and superstition. Not for an hour has the capital ceased to be the living heart of France ; not for a day has its own activity been interrupted, or the lives of some million or so of citizens been broken. Republic, Consulate, Empire, Monarchy, have succeeded each other in turn. Revolutions, sieges, massacres, anarchy, tyranny, parliaments, dictators, and communes have in turn had their seat in Paris, and have occupied her streets, buildings, and monuments. But under all, the transformation of old Paris into new Paris has gone on. *Bastille*, *Châtelet*, *Temple*, *Tuileries*, have been swept away : enormous boulevards and avenues have torn their huge gaps like



cannon-shot through ancient quarters : abbeys, churches, palaces, hospitals, convents, gardens, halls, and theatres have disappeared like unsubstantial visions, and have left not a rack behind. As the vacant spaces are cleared, new streets, theatres, halls, and squares spring up. A thousand new fancies and hundreds of new monuments take their place with inexhaustible invention. The city grows more populous, more rich, more brilliant year by year. The busy life which is silenced in the *Cité*, or by the new boulevards, avenues, and *places*, bursts forth with a louder din elsewhere. Every creation of artistic imagination, every invention of science, is instantly brought into service and adapted to modern life. And with all this whirl of change and action, Paris remains in its essence an ancient, and not a modern, city ; a very ancient city to him who knows its history, and can recall the memorials of its past. To this day, such an one can retrace her ten successive circuits, her ramparts and barriers of successive dynasties ; he can track out the spots made memorable by Julian, by Clovis, by Philip Augustus, by Francis I. and Henry IV., by Abailard, and Héloïse, and Jeanne Darc, by Dante and Descartes, by Corneille. Some two hundred streets still bear the names of saints, each recalling some convent of the Merovingian, Carolingian, or Capetian dynasty, some one of the thousands of churches, chapels, oratories, and religious houses which once filled Paris. To the historical mind, the *St. Germain's*, the *St. Thomases*, the *St. Andrès*, the *St. Martins*, the *St. Victors*, the *St. Bernards*, which we read inscribed at the street corner, recall a series of local memorials which reach back for a thousand years. Here St. Louis stood and prayed ; here the Grand Master of the Templars was burned ; here Jeanne Darc fell desperately wounded ; here Molière died ; here Corneille lived ; here Coligny was murdered ; here Henry IV. was stabbed ; here Voltaire died, and here Camille Desmoulins opened the Revolution.

Here, as everywhere in human life, we must take the evil with the good. It is idle, peevish, retrograde, to rail at the inevitable, or to cry out for the past. There has been awful, wanton, brutal destruction ; there have been corruption and plunder ; there has been vile art, making itself the pandar to folly and lust ; there have been cruel disregard of the poor and inhuman orgies of wealth and power, in all this series of transformation scenes which Paris has seen. No man can again recall to us the exquisite fan-

cies carved on stone and on jewelled windows of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Perhaps it was better to cart them away than to furbish them anew with gewgaw restorations. But modern life in a vast city could not endure this plethora of obsolete churches and useless convents in its midst, and the friars, black, white, and gray, had to go with all their belongings. Dark alleys are delicious in etchings ; but they are the nests of disease, vice, and death. A city of two millions cannot breathe within the winding lanes which sufficed the burghers of the fourteenth century within their gloomy ramparts. Haussmann and his myrmidons may have amassed fortunes ; but the world is still searching, lantern in hand like Diogenes, for a wise, just, incorruptible municipal authority. The art which has created modern Paris is not high art, is not true art, is in many ways most meretricious art ; and in its *chef d'œuvre*, the new Opera, it has reached the pinnacle of vulgar display. But, take it all and all, Paris can show us the brightest, most inventive, and least *mesquin* street architecture which the nineteenth century can achieve, and certainly the most imperial civic organization which Europe can produce.

There is much to be said on all sides of this complex problem ; the catholic, the legitimist, the republican, the antiquarian, the artist, the poet, the socialist, the economist, even the tourist, may be listened to with sympathy in turn. Let us gnash our teeth at the tale told us by the student of old art ; let us drop a tear over the wail of the dispossessed orders ; let us linger over every fragment of the past which the historian can point out as spared in the havoc ; let us listen to the story of the dispossessed workman ; let us study the statistics of the old and the new city ; let us stroll with the *flâneur* on the boulevards ; but let us not say that it is either altogether evil or altogether good. Modern Paris is the creation of the Revolution of 1789, and, like most of the creations of that mighty and pregnant epoch, it has the soul of good in things evil ; deplorable waste and error in the midst of inevitable and indispensable reform.

A city is made to live in. Now, a serious defect in old Paris was that it was a city in which men died. Down to the Revolution of 1789, the annual deaths exceeded the annual births. Since the Revolution the births exceed the deaths. The birth-rate in Paris is low, and the death-rate is high, as compared with that of London and English towns to-day ; but the birth-rate of Paris is

now much in excess of the death-rate. The death-rate of modern Paris is little more than twice the actual death-rate of 1789, though the population is now nearly four times as great. The death-rate of old Paris was far higher than that of any actual city of western Europe, and for a parallel to it we must now go to the cities of the East. The death-rate of Paris is still high, for it is largely increased by the almost deliberate destruction of infant life. But before the Revolution, we must take it that some three or four thousand lives were annually sacrificed to insanitary conditions. The sanitary condition of Paris in the middle of the last century was, indeed, that of Cairo or Constantinople. Drinking-water taken direct from the Seine, open sewers, cemeteries, and charnel-houses in the heart of the city, infected and squalid lanes, dirt, decay, and disorder made life precarious and scattered disease wholesale. The marvel is that pestilence was ever absent.

This was no accident; nor was it due to apathy or ignorance in the people of Paris. It was a direct result of the *Old Régime*—the deliberate act of the Monarchy, the Church, and the Nobility. Its causes were political. Paris presented in herself an epitome of all the vices, follies, inhumanities, and solecisms of the Old System. Everything in it that was effete, barbarous, injurious to modern civilization; all that prerogative, privilege, superstition, and caste could do to crush a great capital, was done. No consideration of the health, comfort, or needs of the great city affected Louis XIV. or Louis XV. They and their courts lived at Versailles, given up to ambition, display, or vice. Paris and the Parisians existed to produce fine things, to give splendor to the monarchy, society to the nobility, fat benefices to the church. The meanest fraternity of friars, the most scandalous abbé, the most rapacious courtier, was of more account than the corporate officials of Paris. Vested interests, sacred foundations, privileged rights, blocked every path to reform and progress. The king's palaces, the king's fortresses, the king's institutions were inviolable, sacred, immutable. An obsolete foundation of by-gone superstition was the cause of God. And the caprice of a great noble was a high matter of state.

Old Paris consisted of dark and crooked lanes, because in the Middle Ages cities were so built. To build new streets, to plan fresh thoroughfares, would disturb some church, destroy some oratory, inconvenience some marquis, or displace some convent.

To pave streets, to make sewers, to open spaces, to remove cemeteries, to supply pure water, and to obtain fresh air would cost money, would affect privileges or invade some right. But the money of Parisians was required to pay the king's dues, not to improve Paris. All privileges were above the law, and as sacred as the Ark of the Covenant. "Rights," in the sense of privileges, came before law, before necessity, before humanity, decency, or public duty. The *salus populi* was the *infima lex*—the lowest and last consideration which authority recognized. Prescription and the will of an absolute despot—these were the sole standards of public convenience. And the result was that they made permanent and astounding accretion of public inconvenience. Something was done by Louis XIV. to add magnificence to the capital by some royal palaces, churches, and boulevards; and early in the reign of Louis XV. the spirit of social improvement, which culminated in the States-General of 1789, began to make itself felt. A few improvements were made, new streets were built on the outskirts, the cemeteries were closed, and the water-supply was reformed. From the middle of the century a series of efforts were made, and not the least by Turgot and by his father, the Provost. But before privilege and prerogative the best efforts failed. It needed a revolution to reform the city of Paris. And the Revolution has not only reformed, but transformed it with a vengeance.

The physical disorder of old Paris was merely the reflection—indeed, but a pale reflection—of the social, political, moral disorder of the *Old Régime*. The organization of the city was a chaos of competing authorities, a tangle of obsolete privileges, and a nest of scandalous abuses. Anomalous courts jostled and scrambled for jurisdiction; ancient guilds and corporations blocked every reform; atrocious injustice and inveterate corruption reigned high-handed in the name of king, noble, or church. A valuable work of great research has just appeared (June, 1889), under the direction of an important commission of historians, which throws new light from public documents on the condition of Paris under the old system.\* We may see in it an astounding picture of misrule. The *Parlement*, the *Hôtel de Ville*, the *Châtelet*, the Governor of Paris, the Governor of the *Bastille*, the

\* *L'État de Paris en 1789*. Études et Documents sur l'Ancien Régime à Paris. H. Monin. Paris. Jouast, etc., etc., 1889.

Minister of Paris, the University, the trade-guilds, the church, the religious foundations, all claim privileges, jurisdictions, rights, immunities, which cross and re-cross each other in continual conflict.

There was no real municipality, no true elective representation of the citizens. Certain officials, named by the Crown, professed to speak and to act in the name of the city. Civil and criminal justice was shared by various bodies under quite indefinite authority. The *Châtelet* absorbed in the seventeenth century no less than nineteen baronial jurisdictions; but the Archbishopric and several abbeys retained their own distinct courts. The *Châtelet*, the *Hôtel de Ville*, the church, each divided Paris into distinct sets of local subdivisions. Taxation, public works, justice, police, markets, public health, even hospitals and charities, were under the control of different authorities, with no defined limits. Interminable disputes between the different authorities ensued. Of the streets, one in ten was a *cul-de-sac*. Although the area of Paris is now six or seven times greater than it was before the Revolution, and though the population is nearly four times as great, there are little more than twice as many houses. There were 30,000 beggars in Paris. Down to 1779 the ancient foundation of St. Louis, the *Quinze-Vingts*, held an immense area between the *Louvre* and the *Palais Royal*, blocking up both, as well as the *Rue St. Honoré* and the *Rue Richelieu*. This enclosure, which was a privileged asylum, contained a population of from five to six thousand, not only licensed to beg, but bound to live by begging. It was not until 1786 that the cemetery and charnel-house of the *Saints Innocents* was suppressed. It is hardly credible that little more than a hundred years have passed since, in the densest quarter of Paris, long colonnades of grinning skulls and festering burying-grounds were standing where now we have the lovely fountain of Lescot and Gonjon, transformed indeed, and almost more lovely in its transformation, in the centre of the bright and glowing square that recalls Verona or Genoa.

The censorship of all writings "contrary to law, to the catholic faith, to public morals, or judicial prerogative," opened a wide door for arbitrary power. In the years immediately preceding the Revolution, the *Parlement* of Paris suppressed sixty-five works. One of these is condemned as tending "*à soulever les esprits*." Another is condemned as a libel on Cagliostro! Sunday labor, eating meat in Lent, neglecting to dress the house-

front on a religious procession, playing hazard, "speaking so as to alarm the public," are some of the grounds of a criminal sentence. The most revolting public executions were common in all parts of the city. As if to accustom all to the sight of cruel punishments, some fifty places are recorded as the scenes of these horrible public exposures. The sentence sets out the details of these executions in all their hideous particulars. *Ledit* so-and-so shall be taken to *Notre-Dame*, where his hand shall be chopped off, then taken on a cart to another place, where he shall be broken alive on a wheel, and so left "as long as it shall please God to prolong his life"; then his body shall be burned and the ashes scattered to the winds. A workingman, for stealing some linen, is condemned to be hung on a gibbet and strangled by the public executioner. It was not till 1780 that preliminary torture of an accused person was abolished: torture as part of the sentence was retained till the Revolution. The personal punishments included the pillory, branding, flogging, maiming, strangling, breaking alive, and burning. This is how the ancient Monarchy prepared the people for the guillotine.

The Revolution has swept away all this, and new Paris has sprung to life out of the Revolution, like Athene from the head of the Thunderer. Out of extreme confusion, symmetry; out of ancient privilege, absolute democracy; out of paralysis of rival authorities, intense concentration of authority; out of squalor, splendor; out of barbarism, the latest devices of civilization. Yet, for all these changes, Paris is not Chicago or Washington; it is no fine new city built on an open plain. Her nineteen centuries of history are still there; the gay boulevards stand on the foundationstones of a thousand structures of the past; the placards on each omnibus recall the names of mighty centres of faith, wisdom, devotion, purity, love. The religious passion, the civic ardor, the republican zeal, the wit, the science, the electric will, the social ideals, the devotion to ideas,—are all there as of old. In a deeper sense, "nothing is changed," as Louis XVIII. said on his return, "except that there is another [million or so] of Frenchmen more." And as the traveller passes up and down his Paris of to-day, let us say to him :

"Periculose plenum opus aleæ  
Tractas; et incedis per ignes  
Suppositos cineri doloso."

—*Horace : Odes. II. 1, lines 6, 7, 8.*

FREDERIC HARRISON.